

Letter from the Disfranchised Sociologist.

I TOLD YOU SO!

Throughout almost the whole of christendom society is radically diseased and social upheaval and chaos are near at hand. The French revolution of 1848 was a social not a mere political revolution, and extended with electric speed throughout much of western Europe. Kings and princes quit their thrones in hot haste, and without a carpet-bag or a change of linen crossed the channel to England, that hitherto refugeum omnium peccatorum regum. But England is now ripe herself for social revolution, and only awaits the demise of her honored and beloved Queen to begin the work. The Prince Regent will never be King de facto, whatever he may be de jure.

And why all this civil commotion—this social upheaval? Read "Cannibals All" and "Sociology for the South," and you will see and understand why. The various papers in these and various periodicals we foretold the now-existing state of things and warned the North that it would be soon followed by a general war against all kinds of property, but especially against property in land. We told them that they themselves, in asserting the rights of the laborer, were actually asserting the rights of the laborer, and that the laborer, in asserting the rights of the laborer, were actually asserting the rights of the laborer.

History, ancient and modern, shows that domestic slavery is a humane, protective institution, to which men submit without murmur or complaint. Domestic slaves have been the portion of society in all ages and countries. If we extend the insurance of gladiators under Spartacus—who were not slaves in the ordinary sense of the term—and the insurance in St. Domingo, which was a mere offshoot and outgrowth of the French revolution, brought about at first by white men and free mulattoes, and then by the colored race, we find that the history of the world is a history of the struggle for the rights of the laborer.

The failure of Christian men to act according to their expressed belief does the Church infinitely more harm than all the blatant infidelity of the day.—*Richmond Christian Advocate.*

We would hate to be President of the United States, and have to read the newspapers, and read how the Emperor of Germany sent a woman to prison for four years, one man for two years, and another for one month for "speaking disrespectfully" of him.—*Hawkeye.*

We haven't got time to answer communications to "Mary," "Rebecca," "Susan," "Hannah," &c. We never pay any attention to inquiries unless they come from a "Maud," an "Ethel," an "Edna," and an "Amelia," or girls of that ilk, whose names look well in small caps.—*St. Louis Journal.*

When the triangle had called the meeting to order, Brother Gardner arose with his usual steeled and said:

"Gentlemen, if it wasn't for de wheels on a waggin de waggin wouldn't move. When de wheels am-on, den dat?"

"Gentlemen," solemnly exclaimed the old man.

"K-reet!" whispered the president softly, rubbing his hands together. "We bez de wagin an' de wheels. We will now pass de bat aroun' far de grease."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The English sparrows have destroyed the carpenter in the shade-trees of Philadelphia, and the most distressed inhabitants are trying to find a caterpillar that will kill off the sparrows.—*Hawkeye.*

One of the most remarkable of American exhibits at the Paris Exposition on the opening-day was a Cincinnati woman in a last year's hat.—*Andrews's Bazar.*

Fourth-of-July orators are preparing to hold forth.

How to make a barrel of flour go a great way—send it to the starving Chinese.

Early fruit catches the worm. This is reliable.—*Norristown Herald.*

EATING IS A TORTURE, AND SLEEP often a mere travesty of repose, to the dyspeptic. Appetite is correspondingly impaired by this most prevalent of maladies, and headaches, biliousness, constipation, poverty of the blood, loss of flesh and of vitality, and a thousand annoying and undesirable sensations, are its concomitants. It is, moreover, the progenitor of numerous and formidable bodily disorders. Obstinacy as it is, however, its complete eradication may be effected by the persistent use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine which purifies the blood, and restores the organs of digestion and secretion, relaxes the bowels gently but thoroughly, enriches and purifies the blood, promotes appetite, and gives tranquility to the nervous system. Persons of weak constitutions, who are unable to take charge of a full repast, find in this tonic a most valuable remedy, and it is invariably successful in remedying and preventing malarial diseases.

"Victim I think it's absurd," she said, shaking her head maliciously. "By the man's seventy-five if it's a day, and 'ere's the right in my prime. Hold enough to be my father, and I haven't reached my one-and-forty yet. Oh, get along with you, get along! I almost wish I wasn't a 'Hempress.'"

"But, your Majesty," we said reproachfully, "men have known to live to a great many years, and to die at that only under protest. There's Mr. Methusalem."

"Victim I wish you wouldn't talk to me in that manner," replied her Majesty, indignantly arranging a spit-curl with some what trembling hands. "You haght me, sir. I know that my affairs needs the attention of a business man, and that can't be attended to them myself. I know that Halbert Hedward is a mere boy and not to be trusted. I know that I needs a protector ven I wishes to go to the hopery and cleyvers o' nights. I know I'm a forlorn woman victim is entitled to the sympathies of the world. But old Beconsfield I never can't think of house and so I tell you. Beconsfield, sir, I abhor!"

We should think this ought to settle the absurd rumor now going the rounds. We do assure the reader that as her Majesty spoke the tears stood out in her royal eyes, and she was evidently in such a state of mind that hysterics would not have been surprising.

"And then," she added after a moment, "marriages is a lottery for the most part. I do not go to deny, sir, that Halbert Hedward was extraordinarily fortunate in his selection; but them accidents do not happen every day, and that can't be attended to them myself. I know that Halbert Hedward is a mere boy and not to be trusted. I know that I needs a protector ven I wishes to go to the hopery and cleyvers o' nights. I know I'm a forlorn woman victim is entitled to the sympathies of the world. But old Beconsfield I never can't think of house and so I tell you. Beconsfield, sir, I abhor!"

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Richmond, Va., at a Stranger's Land.

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